

ALPENA WEEKLY ARGUS.

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M. M. VIALI.

J. C. VIALI, Editor.

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Over A. L. Power & Co's Store.

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ALPENA WEEKLY ARGUS.

Independent in all Things--Neutral in Nothing. Politically Democratic.

VOLUME I.

ALPENA, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1871.

NUMBER 13.

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1871.

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TREASURER'S NOTICE--The notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Treasurer of the City of Alpena, received the tax roll for General, City and Highway Taxes for the year 1871, on the second Monday in July, and the same will be retained by him for forty days thereafter; that during the first twenty days of said forty days, the Treasurer will receive all taxes assessed thereon without the addition of any commission or percentage; that during the remainder of the twenty days of said forty days, persons paying taxes will be charged one per cent. additional for their assessments; and that after the expiration of said forty days, said roll will be returned to the Comptroller of said city, who will cause to be made out a copy of so much of said Assessment Roll as shall remain due and unpaid, adding thereon such percentage as shall have been fixed by the Common Council for the collection of such taxes or assessments, not exceeding four per cent. And that without fee or remuneration the said Treasurer will receive said Assessment Roll and proceed to collect and receive the taxes thereon, assessed up to the last Saturday of October next.

Notice is further given, that the said Treasurer is not required by law to call upon the persons assessed on such roll, or demand the payment of such taxes.

Office at A. Hopper's.

A. L. POWER,

City Treasurer.

Dated, Alpena, July 10, 1871.

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THE ARGUS!

\$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

"She Works for a Living."

Mr. Editor:--In the tenth issue of your paper you were pleased to publish a short article containing some very flattering illusions to the ladies that work for a living, and I think, by so doing, you show the world that you are a long way behind the times of Young America. Now, sir, I maintain that ninety-nine of every one hundred marriageable American men will endorse the sentiments contained in the following lines. The fault-finding about work comes after marriage:

"She works for a living!" Did you say, my friend! And I thought her so splendid last night, As she floated around with such airy grace, In robes so dainty and white.

"She works for a living!" Why, you must mistake. I mean the one with golden curls; On her hand I saw a diamond gleam, And her neck was encircled with pearls.

"She works for a living!" Why her hands were as soft As those of a city belle; There was a merry, happy light in her eyes, And she played the piano so well.

"She works for a living!" What a happy escape; Did you know I meant to propose? By Jove! she is a splendid girl, With cheeks like the heart of a rose.

"She works for a living!" Ah, me; when we meet I must frown like a veritable Turk, For no matter how much I may fancy the girl, I never can wed one that will work.

S. A. V.

Manifest, Sept. 6, 1871.

The Doctor's Subject.

"One hundred dollars!"

Dr. Metcalf made room for the young man at his desk, saying:

"Just sign your name here, sir, if you please, sir, payable in six months."

"It's a heavy bill, doctor," said Harry Lane, hesitating a moment, with the pen between his fingers, ere he added his signature to the note.

"Heavy bill? Well, now I don't know," said Franklin Metcalf, M. D., as he tapped his foot rather impatiently on the office floor, and gazed absently from the window.

"A hundred dollars are earned more easily by you than me, doctor," said the young man, still hesitating. "I've had an unlucky year of it, and I haven't made the amount in the last twelve months. Couldn't you make it a little less?"

"What, the bill?"

"Yes."

"Not a cent, Lane. Medicines cost, and my time is valuable. You would have my services, and you couldn't expect the President of a medical institution to practice for nothing!"

"Certainly not, replied Harry Lane, making an energetic dash upon the paper, and writing his name in bold, heavy characters.

"There, Dr. Metcalf, I only hope I'll be able to keep my word and make it good in the course of six months."

Dr. Metcalf folded the paper and placed it with others of like character in the desk. Harry Lane arose, but, before he could reach the door, he was stopped by the doctor, who said:

"The surgeon paced the floor rapidly a few moments, and then advancing to where Harry stood by the stove, he asked in a low tone:

"Are you in haste, Lane?"

"Not in particular."

"Then sit down a moment--I want a word more with you."

"Very well, sir," replied the young farmer, resuming his seat and tapping his fur overcoat with his riding whip.

Dr. Metcalf drew his office chair close to where the young man sat, and began:

"That account is one hundred dollars."

"Yes, I understand that."

"Let us enter into a little calculation. Corn is one dollar and fifty cents per bushel--it will take sixty-six and two-thirds bushels to pay the bill."

Harry Lane's countenance looked quite desponding.

"I shan't raise half the amount of corn in all this year. This season's being unfavorable, the late rains did a good deal of damage, and the early frost blasted a considerable part of the late planted."

"Look here, Lane," said the surgeon, in a low, confidential manner--"that bill must be paid!"

"I shall try and pay it, sir."

"You're an honest man, I know, Lane--but it will be tough work, paying a hundred dollars in cash, or out of your scant allowance of grain. I'll make it easy for you."

"Thank you," said Harry Lane, gratefully.

"I'll make it easy for you--you can

pay the debt in one night. Listen to me. I am in need of a subject."

Had a bomb shell exploded at the young farmer's feet, he could not have started up in greater surprise.

"I am no grave robber, Dr. Metcalf," he said, indignantly.

"Look here, Lane, you are very unreasonable. Science demands this. I have a class of students who, in order to acquaint themselves with the human frame perfectly, must have a subject for dissection. There is nothing wrong in this; on the contrary--"

"Well, well, I don't want to think about it," said Harry, uneasily.

"No, you don't want to think about it, but I do. This forenoon a stranger was buried in the graveyard; he was accidentally killed. He would make a good subject."

"Go to some one else if you want a grave-robbing," said Harry, indignantly, rising to go.

"Perhaps you'll think better of my offer, Lane, after you think the matter over. Bring me a body to-night and I'll give you up your note. Should you bring one, come to the back door of my office, as I sleep here to-night."

"Good day, sir," said Harry, bowing himself out, and closing the door.

Dr. Metcalf threw himself into a chair, and took up a note that lay on the table. It was written in a delicate female hand, and there were traces of tears upon it. The note ran as follows:

"DEAR FRANK:--Amy has propped me up in bed so I can just write a word to you. I am ill, and wish you would come to me; it is a long ride, to be sure, but I must see you once more before I go. I shall send this by Harry Lane, who has just stopped to see me. I do. Do come, Frank, to my miserable sister."

CATHERINE.

Dr. Metcalf bowed his head upon the table, with his fingers over his eyes, and when he withdrew his hands there were tears upon his cheeks, real genuine tears--and why? These were the pictures that passed like a panorama before him:

A happy home, father, mother, brother, sister, all there; he was the brother, Catherine the sister. They were both children then.

Another picture--Thanksgiving evening: Father and mother, and the brother returned from college.

"Where is Catherine?"

No answer. Only does the brother know that his sister is as one dead in the family. She had fled from her home with a man her parents despised, not because of his poverty, but for his vices, and yet that sister loved him, notwithstanding all.

Another picture--Father and mother dead, the son holding a high position before the world, his sister a drunkard's wife, surrounded with half-starved children. This was the picture that brought tears to Dr. Metcalf's eyes.

Dr. Metcalf called for his horse and cutter, and wrapped himself in furs and shawls--for the day was very severe--he sat out for his sister's miserable home, and arrived there after an hour's hard driving.

"I'm so glad you've come, Frank."

Dr. Metcalf looked around; misery, poverty, perfect wretchedness was written upon everything.

"Catherine," he said, "have you concluded to accept my offer?"

"And what is that?"

"Don't you remember? I told you as soon as you would leave that miserable--"

"Oh, Frank!"

"I say he is a miserable wretch! vociferated the doctor, bringing his clenched fist down upon the bare pine table with a force like iron--"I say he is a miserable wretch, off on a spree now I dare say, leaving these brats--"

"Oh, Frank!"

"Well, I won't if it hurts you; the children look lovely enough--they take after you, Cathie."

"They're good children, Frank, and he's good when he's sober. There never was a better husband than George Morris until he went to drinking."

The poor woman put her thin hands to her eyes and cried quietly. Dr. Metcalf looked this way and then that, in a troubled, half impatient manner.

"And why don't you leave him?" he questioned at length. "I told you when I saw you before, that any time

when you'd leave George Morris, and give me your sacred word you never would live with him again, I would take care of you and the children."

The poor woman gave no reply.

"Say, Cathie?" he questioned, "consent; let George Morris take his own course--let me take care of you."

"And give him up?"

"Yes, let Satan take his own, George Morris is one of his surely, for nothing but a fiend could have the heart to do as he has done, and bring his family to such wretchedness."

"But when he's sober--"

"Oh, yes, when he's sober, but--"

"He is sometimes, Frank, and there never was a kinder, better man, but I can't leave him. I promised never to leave him, whatever might come, nothing but death should divide us."

Dr. Metcalf rose impatiently.

"Then take your own course, Cathie. Never will I help you one cent while you live with George Morris."

After her brother was gone, the poor woman called her little daughter Kate to her bedside, and said:

"There's only one who can help us now, Katie; ask God to help us."

"But he don't hear us, mother; we've asked him so many times, but he don't answer us."

"But he will if it is his pleasure, Katie."

The child obeyed, and the blue, pinched lips murmured, "Give us this day our daily bread."

Harry Lane finished his business in town and started for home about sundown. Dr. Metcalf met and called out to him:

"Remember that offer I made you, Lane."

Harry nodded, and passed the doctor with a bound. Night set in before he arrived at home, and when he reached the gate, a pretty little woman met him with a lantern.

"I'm so glad you've come, Harry," she said, in a relieved, overjoyed tone.

"And why, my little puss?"

"I've been afraid all the afternoon."

"Afraid?"

"Yes, but do come in and have supper before you unharness, Harry."

"And of what were you afraid, Em?"

"Well, I'll tell you. George Morris came here just a little while after you left. He came and sat down before the fire, and acted dreadful strange. Pretty soon I found out that he was about half drunk."

"What did he do?"

"Nothing only drink and talk and drink, but I was so afraid of him--I've heard so much of being killed by drunk men, and he got so dreadful drunk, Harry. Well, he stayed until near dark, and then he emptied the jug he had with him, and fell over, dead drunk."

"In the house?"

"Yes."

"And is he there now?"

"Yes."

"Perfectly insensible?"

"As insensible as a log."

Harry Lane gave a sudden leap into the air, and a wild hurrah that quite startled his quiet little wife. He had nearly unharnessed his team, but he replaced the harness as quickly as possible.

"What are you going to do, Harry?"

"Hitch Bonny and Fleet to the sled again."

"What for?"

"Never mind. You're quite sure that George Morris is insensible?"

"Yes, and has been so for half an hour."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the young man. "Whoa, Bonny, stand still, Fleet, my man--ha! ha!"

"Why, what does all you, Harry; are you crazy? what are you doing, for pity's sake?"

"Just wait and see, Mrs. Em."

Harry Lane fastened the horses to the bars, and ran up the well-trodden path to the house, followed hastily by his wife.

"Get me a sheet, quick, Em."

"A sheet?"

"Yes, a sheet, quick."

"What for?"

"Never mind--there, that's it. Help me to wrap this fellow up in it. He'll make a capital subject--ha! ha!"

"What are you going to do, Harry?"

"Never mind--just take hold of his feet, Em; steady now, that's it. Don't think me crazy, little one; I'll tell you